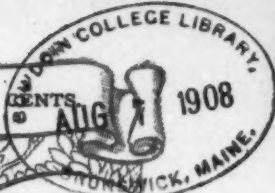


VOL. LXIV. No. 1640.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, August 5th, 1908.

PRICE TEN CENTS



"What fools these Mortals be!"

# Puck

Copyright, 1908, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"HERE, PUSS, PUSS!"

I love little pussy,  
His coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt him,  
He'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull his tail,  
Or drive him away;  
But pussy and I  
Very gently will play.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
Publishers and Proprietors  
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK  
No. 1640. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1908  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

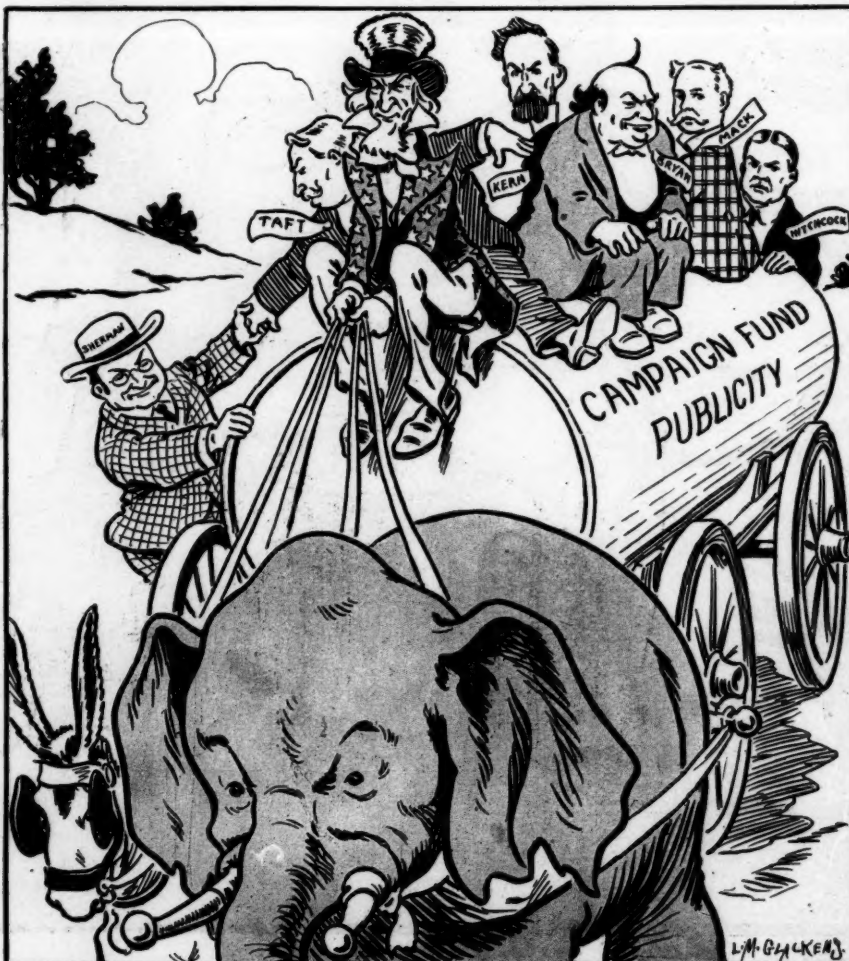
Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance

### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

**D**ON'T GET warm in the sub-collar region because the Standard Oil Company "of Indiana" is in a trifling sum like—well, you've heard the amount mentioned. Notwithstanding the temporary triumph of the defendants, the reversal of Judge Landis' decision was a good thing. It emphasized anew, and most impressively, the gap between law and justice in this country. The protection afforded to offenders by "the letter of the law" was shown once again. Had the judgment of the lower court been approved, even if the colossal fine had been paid, the influence for ultimate good would have been less, we think, than that now growing from the reversal. A fine imposed by a court is supposed to be a punishment, but not even a fine of \$29,000,000 would be a punishment to Standard Oil. A punishment, to be effective, must reach individuals, the man or men who are responsible for wrong-doing. They should be tried and if convicted, they should be made to suffer. There should be no alternative fine, to be paid out of the stockholders' pockets. President Roosevelt has been severely criticised because with all his efforts he was unable to land "one really responsible man" in jail, but the President was not to blame. He has shown us the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of punishing big offenders with past-day laws. It is like trying to stop a locomotive with a lariat. That difficulty, if not impossibility, the case of the Standard Oil fine amply illustrates, and it will hasten the day when "lariat law" will be supplanted by something more effective. As has been truly said, guilt is always personal, and until punishment is equally personal, corporate crimes will go arrogantly on. Law must keep pace with offenses against it.

WHEN THE planet Neptune was discovered in 1846, it was a nice point whether Challis or Galle was entitled to the credit. Another pretty problem has arisen: this year's "new idea" at Newport is to walk in bathing dresses from house to beach, and whether Miss Emily Redmond or Mrs. Eugene Hale, Jr., first thought of it is in dispute.

GEORGE WARING, dead these many years, is remembered, and will be remembered for a long time to come, as the man who actually cleaned the streets of Gotham. If Mr. Bingham will actually suppress the needless noises of the Metropolis he will run Waring a good race for comparative immortality. But something more than one general order will be required. Rome was not built in a day, and Bedlam is not to be quieted in twenty-four hours or weeks.



"ON THE WAGON."

IT WAS a bitter blow for the foes of Imperialism when the President's "yacht", *Mayflower*, was ordered to Haiti on gun-boat duty. We sympathize with them in the loss of one of their favorite grievances.

THE WIFE of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President explains why she is a baseball fan. Fans have cut quite a figure in political history, but they were the sort used by Madame de Pompadour.

MACK versus Hitchcock! The Republican party certainly has the call on brains and efficiency.

THE SAD news comes from Berlin that the waltz is threatened with extinction. A deserved extinction, we may add. The "Merry Widow" is to blame.



## NO BUTTING-IN.

A VALUABLE HINT TO SUMMER HOTEL PROPRIETORS.



HOTEL CLERK (to Summer man).—Sorry, sir, number seven is occupied this morning, and so is number nine, but number five, on the knoll, isn't taken yet. Two hours? One dollar. Thank you.



WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.

## SOME OBVIOUS REMARKS.

(Always Made to Actors.)

You must get so tired of playing the same old part. But then I suppose each new audience is an incentive.



I don't believe actors and actresses are half so bad as people think they are.

If I were on the stage, I'd rather have a small part with some big star than be the whole show in a cheap company.

It's perfectly wonderful how Lillian Russell keeps her looks. Why, off the stage she's just as beautiful as she is on it.

They say a stock company is such good training—almost all our well-known actors had to go through their apprenticeship. It's just like anything else in this world—you have to work hard if you want to succeed.

Personally, I never had any difficulty in understanding every word Mrs. Fiske says. I think she's fascinating—so much magnetism; but some people can't bear her. Her "Tess" was wonderful, but she wasn't Hardy's "Tess" at all.

If you once get the dead-head habit you never get over it.

I should think you'd never want to go to the theatre when you're not playing yourself; you must get so sick of it.

It must be a terrible expense to put on a comic opera; and then if it fails, just think of the money that's lost!

Even the best actors go into vaudeville nowadays—there's so much in it.

It's too bad Weber and Fields split up—neither of them has been half so funny since they separated. Charles Hanson Towne.

THERE ARE things which you can't get for love or money. They are substantially the same things which you can't get for money.



## THE SAME THING.

The Rustic held the flask to the light.

"Thou sayest," quoth he in wonder, "that a few drops of this golden liquid mean eternal life?"

"I said," replied the Aged Alchemist, "that thou would'st live until the Tariff was revised by its friends."

**O**ne objection some people have to getting back to nature is that nature is so poorly equipped with push buttons.

# THE READY-MADE LETTER FOR SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE



Dear \_\_\_\_\_.

Just a line to let  
you know how we are. Well,  
we got here on \_\_\_\_\_ and  
thus far have had a perfectly  
\_\_\_\_\_ time. The house we  
are stopping at is \_\_\_\_\_,  
our rooms are \_\_\_\_\_, and,  
up to date, the table has been  
simply \_\_\_\_\_. They  
give us \_\_\_\_\_ every  
day. The weather, since our  
arrival, has been \_\_\_\_\_;  
and the nights here are \_\_\_\_\_.

WHY GET WRITER'S CRAMP,

WHEN YOU CAN FILL IN THE BLANKS? GET A PAD OF 'EM, GIRLS, BEFORE GOING  
ON YOUR VACATION.



# PUCK

## THE NON-GAMBLERS.

(After her luncheon Mrs. Erie has seated her three guests on the veranda at a bridge table.)



MRS. LACKAWANNA (*recklessly*).—Oh, let's play for a stake, like the men do, and have some fun.  
MRS. DELAWARE } (*virtuously*).—We wouldn't  
MRS. WESTERN } play for money.  
MRS. L.—But you play with your husbands when they—  
MRS. DEL.—They carry us.  
MRS. WEST.—We're not responsible for their gambling.

MRS. L.—I believe you're all afraid of losing.  
MRS. E. (*laughing*).—Oh, I'm rich! Tom bought some stock for me on a margin and made two hundred dollars. But I wouldn't play for money.

MRS. DEL.—I wouldn't mind losing, I think. Anyhow Jack keeps a regular currency bridge reserve in his bureau, and I could draw on that. No, it's a matter of principle with me.

MRS. WEST.—Well, I admit my poverty. I spent all my allowance and income and everything else at the lawn fete buying chances in that old automobile. And I didn't come anywhere near the number.

MRS. L. (*resignedly*).—Very well. But I should think you'd get tired playing this old game over and over.

MRS. E. (*doubtfully*).—Some girls play for stamps. A two-cent stamp a point. But I should be inclined to consider that merely a subterfuge.

MRS. DEL. (*dogmatically*).—Playing for stamps isn't playing for money. I've done that.

MRS. L.—Too high stakes for me! By the way, how do you arrange at your clubs in the winter out here?

MRS. E.—We play only for prizes.

MRS. WEST.—Everybody pays two dollars dues each meeting, and the highest score gets a present worth three-quarters of the amount, and next one the other quarter.

MRS. L.—Do you always get things you want?

MRS. DEL.—Hardly ever. But then we return them to the store and have our accounts credited.

MRS. L.—Let's make up a club and have a meeting now.

MRS. E.—But we couldn't get a prize in time.

MRS. L.—We could all pay our dues for this meeting, and the highest score could buy her own prize with the money.

MRS. WEST.—But she would have to take the money herself.

MRS. L.—I'll tell you what: we'll elect a treasurer who'll collect the dues now, and buy the prize to-morrow. Then she'll give it to the winner, and she can change it—

MRS. WEST. } (*delightedly*).—Why,

MRS. DEL. } that's perfectly splendid!

MRS. E.—Let's have the dues five dollars each.

MRS. WEST. } (*enthusiastical-*  
ly).—Allright!  
MRS. DEL. } Come ahead.  
MRS. L. (*reluctantly*).—Well,  
that's a good deal higher than  
I wanted to play, but still, if  
you say so—  
(*And the tense silence be-*  
gins.)  
Layton Brewer.



## EFFORT WASTED.

A NARCHIST.—Shall we dynamite the candidate when he arrives?

CHIEF.—Why should we mix ourselves up in it? The citizens are going to give him a home-coming.

## OBSTINATE.

TAKING the Socialist's word for it that his manner of doing things would make the world a paradise, what disposition is to be made of the doubt as to a paradise being just the place for such as we to live in?

Undeniably, as the cult maintain, we waste a great deal of effort in our struggle for existence,—provided we admit that existence and not struggle is what we are here for. It's easy figuring that with every man assured of his job and his wage and all things needful at cost, the sum total of human happiness would be mightily boosted,—and still Evolution is obstinate enough to be less interested in human happiness than in human achievement.

"Life," observes Schopenhauer, "is walking on red-hot iron, with here and there a cool spot."

It has to be so. Otherwise we should forget to step lively.  
Ramsey Benson.

## WORTH HUMORING.

MR. SUBBERTON (*yelling to kitchen*).—Sawdust and milk crust! Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em! On the canteloupe! Draw one! Make it three all 'round!

MR. TOWNLEY.—Great,—e-e-r, how—pardon me, old chap, but what's it all about?

MR. SUBBERTON.—'Sh! We've got a former restaurant cook—a peach!—and we have to order that way to keep her on the job!

## HE STROVE TO PLEASE.



"Hello, Jones! What d'yer want wear whiskers for in hot weather like this?"

## DOUBTFUL.

A BOU BEN ADHEM! May his tribe increase!  
It's doubtful, though, in times like these,  
With all the women trying hard to be  
Most everything excepting, as you see,  
The very thing to be which only they  
Have any sort of chance to know the way.  
True, these ideals civilization teaches,  
And if it's rather long before this reaches  
Sabæan scented Araby, why then  
There'll be some show for the tribe of Abou Ben.

AS NEARLY as can be differentiated, a job is where a man does most of the work and somebody else gets most of the pay, and a position is where a man gets most of the pay and somebody else does most of the work.



"Ha, Ha! Jones has cut his whiskers off!"



"Ha, Ha! Jones is letting his whiskers grow again!"



JONES.—Now I'll do what I like with my whiskers!

# "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

HE HAD THE SUMMER HABIT, AND HE HONESTLY TRIED TO BREAK HIMSELF OF IT, BUT ALAS! —!



HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.



HIS SECOND ATTEMPT.



HIS THIRD ATTEMPT.

## A MODERN MAUD.

MAUD MULLER carried the plates away,  
And swept the cloth with a silver tray.

The Judge looked up from his seventh course,  
And paused in the praise of his saddle horse,

To feast his eyes on the blush and charm  
Of her girlish face and her snowy arm.

He turned to his host, and he archly said:  
"Who is your pretty serving maid?"

And his host, polite as a host should be,  
"That is my daughter, Judge," said he.

"Since I went broke in the bucket shop,  
She brews my tea and fries my chop,

"She turns the buckwheat cake for me,  
And my steak and chicken fricasee,

"Saving the erstwhile plunks I paid  
To butler, chef and serving maid."

After cigars and chat were o'er,  
The Judge he lingered at the door,

And for a last dessert essayed  
To kiss the hand of the serving maid,

Whispering low: "Of the whole repast  
The sweetest course was the very last!"

A year went by, and the poor old jay  
Who entertained the Judge that day

Was out of the Sheriff's hands for good —  
(The neighbors never understood

Just where he gathered the gold that set  
Him up again, and out of debt).

Forsooth he knew — for the price he paid  
Was the loss of his little serving maid.

The plunks rolled in from his bucket shop;  
But the hand that had browned his morning chop

Now turned the leg of lamb to brown,  
Poured out the tea, and set her down

To feasts of pastry, meat and fudge,  
And fine desserts — with the jolly Judge —

Just as the plans had all been laid  
By the father of the little maid,

When he told Maud Muller she should play  
The serving maid to the Judge that day!

Aloysius Coll.

## OLD AND NEW.

THE Sea Serpent drew  
up in a sheltered  
cove just as the Centaur  
came down for a mouth-  
ful of salt air.

They regarded each  
other curiously.

"You are extremely  
disappointing!" declared  
the Centaur, at length.

That was pretty  
pointed, to be sure, but  
the Sea Serpent kept  
his temper. "How so,  
pray?" he asked.

"Institute any candid  
comparison between you  
and me," replied the Cen-  
taur, with more than a touch  
of bitterness, "and say, if you  
can, that supernature-faking, as an art, has progressed in 3,000 years!"

And still the Sea Serpent maintained the air of good humor,  
though his *amour propre* was undeniably wounded.

MVRTLE. — My fiancé has such lovely grey hair.  
GLADYS. — Your tastes seem to be similar.



HIS LAST ATTEMPT TO KEEP FROM  
SAYING IT.



Dear Bill: Am sleeping under blankets every night. Mac.

POST MORTEM POSTCARDS. — VI.

As a nation we probably carry more continued stories in our heads than  
any people in history.



A QUESTION OF ACCENT.

HERE is in the following specimen of the Limerick an austere restraint, a terrible crispness, that reminds us irresistibly of Tacitus: There was an old Miss of Antrim Who looked for the leak with a glim. Alack and alas! The cause was the gas. We will now sing the fifty-fourth hymn.—*The New York Evening Post.*

The only trouble is that if Tacitus had written verse he would have got his quantities right.—*The New York Evening Sun.*

Just to make sure we called up Tacitus on the long-distance spirit phone, Mr. Hamlin Garland kindly consenting to act as psychic "central." Tacitus responded with the following:

A milliner lady of Antrim Said, "Show me the hat that I can't trim." When they showed her the lid Of a merry grass wid. She flew in a terrible tantrum.

It will be observed that the quantity is right, but the quality shows the usual falling off in the case of great writers who have joined the shadow band.

SWEET REVENGE.

MRS. SHOPPER (after inspecting everything in the store).—I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacys and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment.

SALESMAN.—Here's a card of one of their salesmen, won't you kindly ask for him?

MRS. SHOPPER.—Ah! A friend of yours I presume.

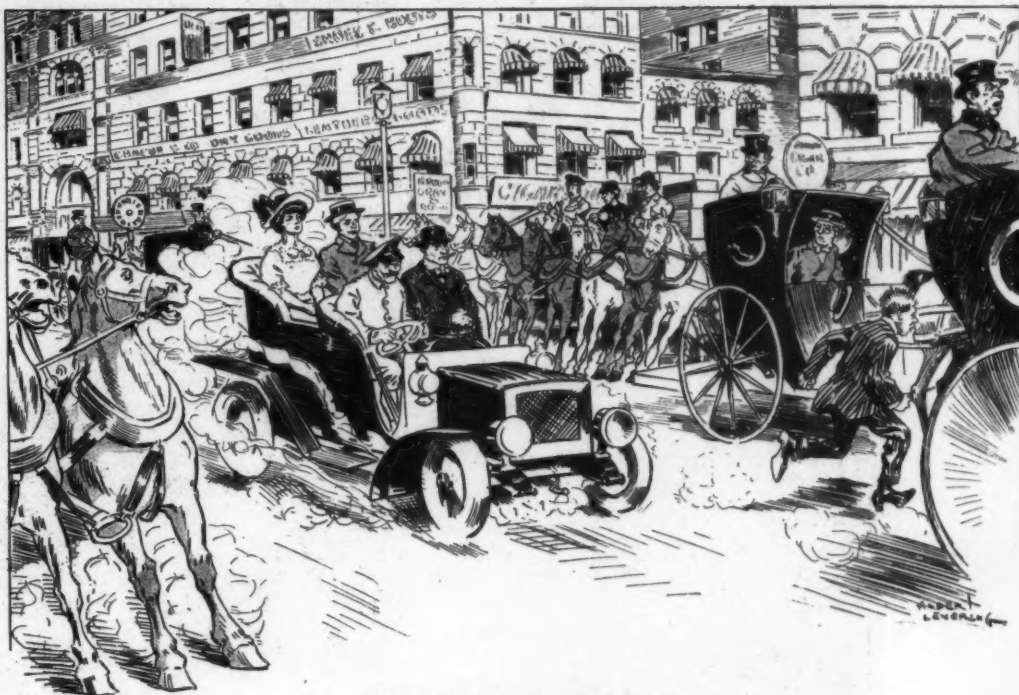
SALESMAN.—No, madam; he has owed me ten dollars for the past three years.

A MAN is as old as he is pleased to be told he looks young.



INFLATED.

NURSE (to ditto).—Fat? Sure, it ain't fat, it's wind; yer see, the poor dear was brought up on one o' them pneumatic breast-forms.



PRIVATE RIGHT OF WAY.

FORMERLY KNOWN AS A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE.

THE CREED OF THEODORE.

HERE's the long and short of it: Shall we play the part of meek? Shall we, slapped on cheek, submit T'other cheek?

If the Christian we essay Why a navy for defense? Throw our ships and guns away— Save expense.

Put away all bluff and brag; Role of warrior disclaim. That, or—by the Starry Flag— Play the game!

Launch the fleet as shaft from bow; Truce to fiddling fence and guard! Deal destruction at a blow— Hammer hard!

Peace our wish: not sword, but plough. Warfare is a thing accurst. BUT—if someone hunts a row Hit him first!

B. L. T.



A MINORITY HOLDER.

CLARA.—Why are you always complaining because I have other callers. You didn't suppose I would cease to be attractive just because we became engaged, did you?

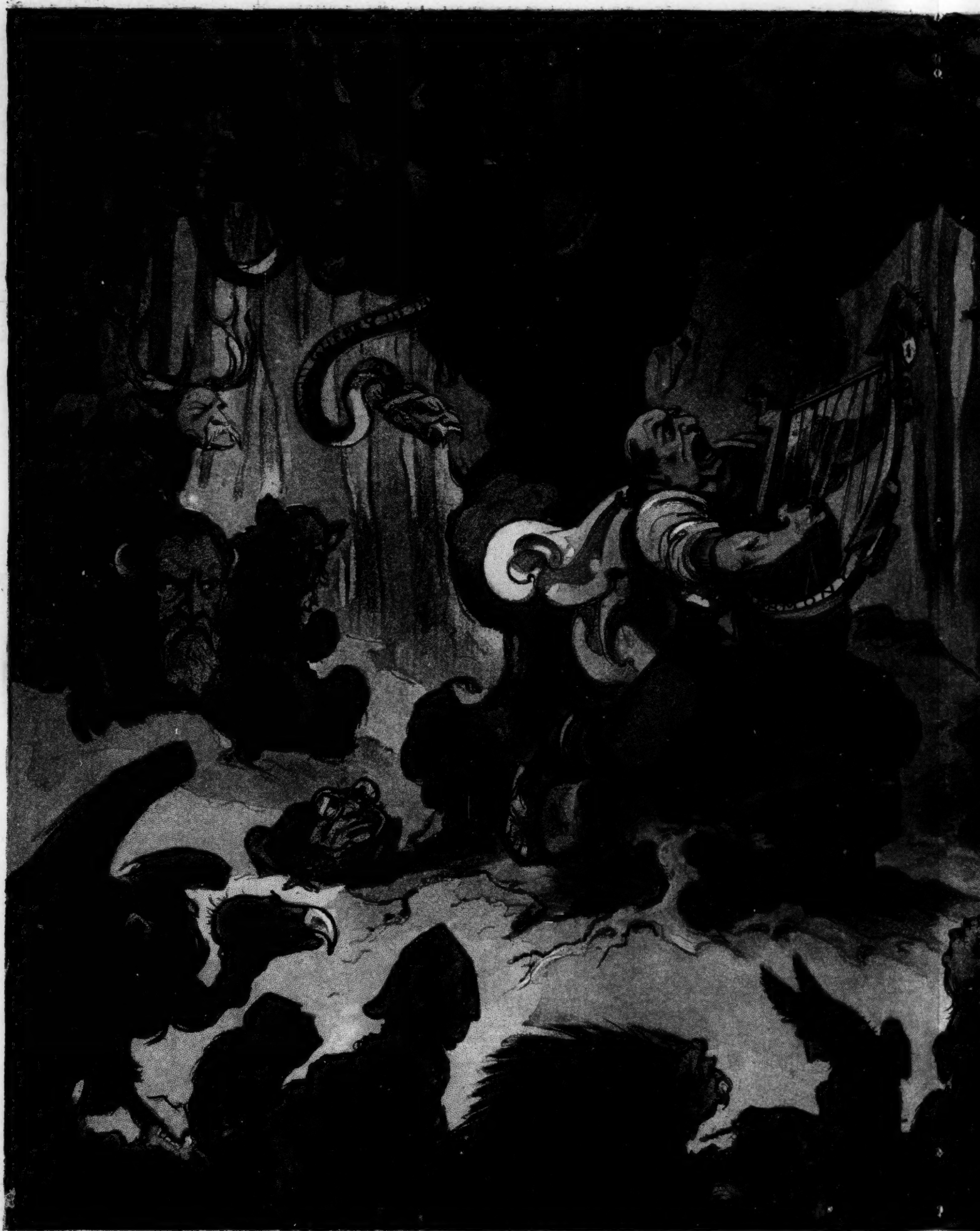
GEORGE.—No, not exactly; but I did not understand that I was only a member of an underwriting syndicate.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

GERM nudged his neighbor eagerly. "See that female coming yonder, with the grand air? She's a colonial dame?"

"A which?"

"A colonial dame. Her ancestors were among the first thirteen colonies of bacteria in American drinking-water."



THE PUCK PRESS

THE CHARM  
ORPHEUS BRYAN AND THE DEM





THE CHARMER.

RYAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC BEASTS.

# THE SCIENCE OF RAILROADING.



See the Conductor. He is not permitted to take off his coat, no matter how hot the day.



Now see the Superintendent, the man who gives the Conductor his orders. He is a strict disciplinarian.

## ST. JEKYLL & HYDE'S.

(In the Committee Room. An informal meeting is being held by two Vestrymen, the Rector and a Curate.)

CURATE (*worriedly*).—But this report says that the conditions in all our properties are very bad. There have been twenty cases of tuberculosis in one house—

FIRST VESTRYMAN (*impatiently*).—That tenement paid one hundred per cent last year.

CURATE (*earnestly*).—But they claim that a comparatively small outlay will make it habitable—

SECOND VESTRYMAN (*indignantly*).—Habitable! If it wasn't habitable people couldn't live in it. But people do live in it! (*He turns to the rector, having closed the subject.*) The music last Sunday was inspiring. It gave me a great spiritual uplift.

RECTOR.—You make me very glad. Others must have experienced it also. That shows the infinite wisdom which dictated our stewardship. (*He tries to suppress with a glare further outbreaks from the curate.*)

FIRST VESTRYMAN (*complacently*).—And our babies' outing was the usual success, I suppose?

RECTOR (*enthusiastically*).—We took thousands. We saved a hundred lives, I dare state. We laid seeds for the love of beauty in breasts otherwise sterile.

CURATE (*still mulling over report*).—They say that five hundred of our tenants go to bed every night certain of death if a fire—

FIRST VESTRYMAN (*angrily*).—And life insurance is cheap, while the fire insurance we have to buy goes higher every year. Who gets the best of that?

SECOND VESTRYMAN.—And won't you understand that our cheap rents are the only things that keep those people alive at all? They'd have to go without shelter if they couldn't buy ours, because it's the cheapest to be had.

CURATE.—But couldn't we give them better quarters at the same rental, and get along on a little less income?

RECTOR (*aghast*).—And diminish the majesty of our service! Curtail our music! That would be to rob the source whence it all came!

SECOND VESTRYMAN.—Reduce our magnificent charities! What a misery our young hot-head here would produce.

FIRST VESTRYMAN.—Yet there is one economy I can suggest.

CURATE (*eagerly*).—What's that, sir?

FIRST VESTRYMAN.—Drop one curate from the rolls.

(Which suggestion is put into effect.)

Layton Brewer.

## THE LAW IN HIS FAVOR.

GREENE (*meeting friend at race-track*).—By the way, Brown, could you hand me that ten-spot you borrowed six months ago?

BROWN.—Great Hughes! And run chances of having us both arrested for violating the anti-gambling law? NEVER!

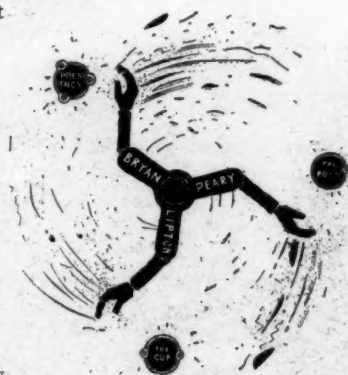
## HEALTH.

THE practice of invariably chewing everything forty-seven times before swallowing it not only restored the rich man's health but saved his soul as well.

For one day, in the regular course of business, he strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel.

And the camel, having been chewed forty-seven times, was fit to pass through the eye of a needle. So that the rich man was able to enter the kingdom of heaven, after all.

UNFORTUNATELY the comfort afforded by the thought of the fellows who have to work harder than you do is vitiated by the thought of the fellows who do not have to work at all.



PERPETUAL MOTION.

Justice must be an awfully long-waisted goddess, if we may judge from the length of legal "stays."





Major General Putnam, U. S. A.

**T**HE hero of Bunker Hill—who first marshaled the Riflemen of the Revolution—and left his plow standing in the furrow to hoist the banner of defiance against legislative oppression! Who has not heard of him?

When others faltered and grew pale, facing fearful odds, this intrepid old Puritan Commander remained stronghearted, steadfast and true. His tavern, known to fame as the "GENERAL WOLFE," was (in its day) a celebrated meeting place for Revolutionary veterans.

In its cozy bar parlor they delighted to periodically gather and drink with him the foaming juices of the malt; toasting each other in memory of the splendid and heroic days when they gave blood and treasure to found this nation and write the immortal principle of "PERSONAL LIBERTY" in our laws forevermore.

Hale, hearty and generous minded to the last, Israel Putnam died at eighty-three, and what living Prohibitionist dare stand up and say, "I am a purer patriot than he?"

Appleton's Encyclopedia—or any Biography.  
Facts all well known.

**T**HE art of brewing has been vastly improved in the past fifty years. Formerly brewing was an experiment—now it is a science.

## Budweiser

Is a true cereal beverage foaming with creative life, exquisitely delicious to the taste, unequaled for daily family use—one of nature's best gifts to man and as healthful as it is pure and rich.

THE KING OF ALL  
BOTTLED BEERS



Bottled Only at the  
**ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY**  
St. Louis, Mo.

Corked or with Crown Caps

For Sale at  
**All Hotels, Clubs and Bars**

## TWIRL THE ICE.

Do you know that a  
**HIGH BALL**

made of

# HUNTER WHISKEY

is as smooth to the taste as the  
finest ice cream, and just as  
cool and refreshing, while at  
the same time strengthening.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



# IVER JOHNSON

**SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

Hammer  
the  
Hammer



Near safe is not enough. The only firearm safety worth having is absolute safety. The only revolver affording that kind of safety is the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver. Millions are in use—yet not a single report of accidental discharge—drop it, kick it, "Hammer the Hammer"—you must pull the trigger to fire it.

Costs no more than near-safeties; but accurate, hard-hitting and positive, with absolute safety.

**Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free**  
together with our handsome and complete catalogue.

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER**  
Richly nickel-plated, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. c.f., 3 1/4-in. bbl. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER**  
Richly nickel-plated, 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 152 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.**  
New York: 99 Chambers St. Hamburg, Germany: Fickhuben 4  
San Francisco: P. B. Beckett Co., 717 Market Street  
Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

**Accidental Discharge Impossible**

## Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only  
when the wine is satisfactory.

# GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American  
Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

**PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.**  
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

CHURCH.—Did you ever work for a railroad company?

GOHAM.—Well, yes; I've tried to open the car windows.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**

82, 84 and 86 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.



SEE ANY RAILWAY FOLDER.

"You've heard of the last resort."

"Yes."

"Well, this is it."

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

## Vacation Time

is incomplete without a supply of

*Snyder's* most Delicious

**Bonbons, Chocolates**  
and other unequalled  
**Candies**

The same care is exercised in the manufacture of all our Goods as in the purchase of **ONLY THE BEST MATERIALS** that enter into the same.

If camping do not forget a supply of our **COCOA and CAKE CHOCOLATES** if you want Purity and Quality.

*Snyder's* Stores  
Sales Agents  
everywhere

**Our Caramels Stand Unexcelled**

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.

**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals, wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# OUT TO= DAY

## Puck's Monthly Magazine for August, No. 44

BRIMFUL OF FUN FROM COVER TO COVER  
OVER SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE BEST COMIC ARTISTS

**Price Ten Cents per Copy**

All Newsdealers, or by Mail from the Publishers on Receipt of Price.

Address **PUCK, NEW YORK**



The same unequalled quality that made them famous fifty years ago is found today in every box of

## PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

CAMBRIDGE  
in boxes of ten  
25c

AMBASSADOR  
the after-dinner size  
35c



"History repeats itself."  
"So does Humor occasionally, I notice," responded the party of the second part.—*Kansas City Journal*.

## MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



After Shaving.

Insist that your barber use Menner's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It's Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, all odor of perspiration. Get Menner's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free. GERHARD MENNER CO., Newark, N. J.

### THE BARN IN THE RAIN.

Gray barn and dragged meadow,  
Blurred green of grass and leaves,  
The sky an awful shadow,  
For on her gray face weaves

The rain with silver threads,  
That fleck the muddy puddle,  
That rattle on the sheds  
Where the cold cattle huddle!

Then oh, the haymow soft  
And deep and dark and warm,  
On sweet hay piled aloft—  
While overhead the Storm

Sweeps the wet shingles, drips  
At eaves, makes music wild—  
We listen: the soul slips  
Years back and is a child.

Somehow as at the start  
We turn from Life's hot foam,  
Get in the World's warm heart,  
Yea, make Earth's heart our home!

And lie there warm, secure,  
Yea, as a child of five,  
Heart cleansed, serene and pure  
And glad to be alive.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

### TOO EARLY FOR THEM.

Adam looked up at his life partner.  
"Noticed any caterpillars in the apple tree yet?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"I'll go out an' look it over," he muttered. When he came back he shook his head. "Guess they ain't been created yet," he said.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MR. LA FOLLETTE'S physical condition may prevent his taking any active part in the campaign, though he is not seriously ill. Since the impression has gone abroad that he pronounces his name "Law-fo-lay," he seems to have lost some interest in the game.—*Washington Herald*.

# BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin*.

### Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

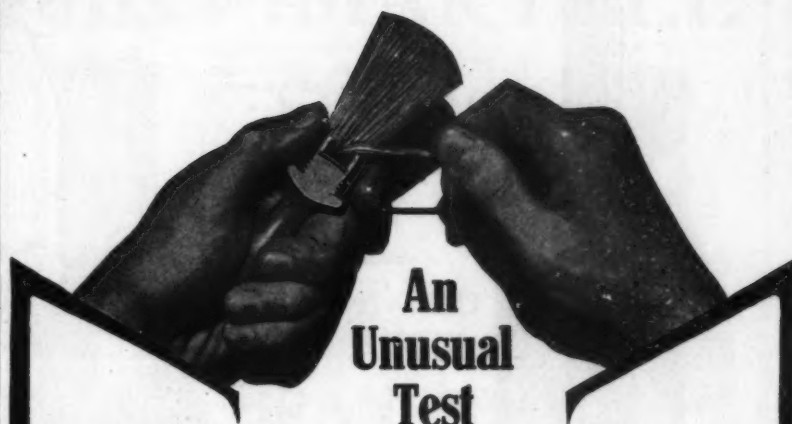
Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00  
or separately:

Per Volume, - - - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,  
or by mail from the  
Publishers on receipt  
of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.



This is an actual photograph of an actual test. It shows a Rubberset Shaving Brush sawed in two. In this condition the brush was tested. Not a bristle could be loosened or pulled out at any angle or by any means—not a bristle could be soaked or boiled out, even though the setting was exposed. The bristles of all

## RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

### Shaving Brushes

are set in vulcanized rubber, which holds them forever. As a further test, this half-brush is being used every day without the loss of a single bristle. The name on every brush guarantees it.



At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6. If not at your dealer's, send for book from which to order by mail.

To the average man we commend the \$1 brush.

Rubberset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard instantly. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25 cents a tube at all dealers', or direct by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY, 63 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.



A MATINEE IDOL.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.



#### A SONG FOR JULY.

'Tis the noon of the year.  
As a toiler, oppressed  
By the labor and heat,  
Folds his hands on his breast,  
Drawing strength from his dreams,  
Lo! the earth swings at rest  
In the noon of the year.

'Tis the noon of the year.  
Ere it pass to its wane,  
Over full-bosomed trees,  
Over yellowing grain,  
Earth, the toiler, a-drowse,  
Must revive him again  
In the noon of the year.

'Tis the noon of the year.  
Come, be one with it, sweet!  
Love in idleness calls  
Through the languorous heat,  
Where the dream poppies nod  
In the wind-wimpled wheat,  
In the noon of the year.  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

#### Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 25,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, Etc. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 5c. in stamps. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail.

**MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS**, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE**. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

## In Vacation Time...

Readers of PUCK may have the paper mailed to them for 40 cents a month, postage prepaid. Addresses will be changed as often as desired. Orders may be sent through your newsdealer or direct to

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK  
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

#### THE CURIOUS PART OF IT.

"Germany publishes every year nearly twice as many new books as are brought out in France."

"But that isn't the curious part of it."

"What do you mean?"

"The German emperor doesn't insist on writing all the books that are printed in Germany." — Chicago Record-Herald.

#### JUST LIKE IT.

REDD.—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind?

GREENE.—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop. — Yonkers Statesman.



On and off like a coat—and every time you put it on, and every time you take it off, you'll be pleased with a

**Cluett**  
SHIRT  
\$1.50 and more

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 483 River St., Troy, N. Y.



#### TWO WORKING FOR HIM.

MR. CLAUDE.—How kin you affohd t' dress in cloes like dem?  
MR. HILLARY.—Easy! Doan' yo' know dat I'm a bigamist!

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

#### HER REASONING.

"That young fellow I met last week," said the belle of the beach, "must be worth all kinds of money."

"Has he sent you a ton of violets?"

"No, he hasn't spent a cent on me since I met him." — Wash. Herald.

#### NOT GRACEFUL.

George Harvey said of literary grace at a dinner:  
"Grace makes its absence keenly felt. At a funeral that I once attended in New Hampshire a farmer said a thing that was singularly lacking in grace. A funeral hymn had just been concluded. The farmer leaned forward, tapped me on the shoulder and whispered:

"Lovely hymn, hey? The corpse wrote it." — Philadelphia Bulletin.

AFFIXING a pure food label does not constitute any guarantee as to what the cook may do with the contents. — Washington Evening Star.

#### FOLLOWING CUSTOM.

The servant girl had been arrested with \$500 worth of silverware.

"Can't one of my humble class have the souvenir habit, too?" she asked, petulantly. — Philadelphia Ledger.

IT now appears to be agreed as one of the rules of the contest that the personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt is to be conceded by all parties. — Washington Evening Star.

FOUR anti-Bailey counties in Texas declared for the Senator for Vice-President. This gives some idea of the vindictive feeling against Mr. Bailey in certain sections of the State. — Washington Herald.

# Pure



good  
old  
RED  
TOP  
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS  
CINCINNATI O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

#### STARTLING CANDOR.

"Do you keep boarders?"

"Nope," answered Farmer Corn-tossel. "We don't keep 'em. But there's always new ones droppin' along. An' to tell you the truth, a summer boarder ain't very good company after the first three or four days, nohow." — Washington Star.

## Comfort for Men

is assured by using

**WASHBURN**

Patent Improved

**FASTENERS**

with the

**BULL-DOG GRIP**

Beware of

imitations

Key Chains ..... 25c

Scarf Holders ..... 25c

Cuff Holders ..... 25c

Bachelor Buttons .. 25c

Sold everywhere or sent

postpaid. Catalogue free.

American Ring Co., Dept. 90, Waterbury, Conn.

IF it be true that our sailors were charged \$3.50 for lunch and \$1 for a shave at Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara is an even more expensive proposition than Santa Claus. — Washington Herald.

SOME undubitable facts gleaned from the newspapers the countrywide:

The two parties stand for the same thing. It will be a campaign of personalities.

The candidates will not count. It will be a campaign of principles.

Mr. Bryan will be the next President of the United States.

Mr. Taft will be the next President.

Mr. Bryan was the choice of the party, but the Republican convention was steam-rolled.

Mr. Taft was the free choice of his party, but the Democratic convention was in the hands of a dictator.

Mr. Bryan has no show.

Mr. Taft cannot be elected. — The Evening Post.





JUDGE PARKER can swim around in the river at Esopus this summer without even scaring the fish, we imagine. —*Washington Herald*.

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME and Hon. "Jeff" Davis, of Arkansas, appear to agree, to all intents and purposes, as to the honesty and effectiveness of the American press. The press, too, is something of a unit in its opinion as to the District Attorney and the Senator. —*Washington Herald*.

MADE WELCOME.  
"I asked for her hand last night."  
"Did her father give his consent?"  
"He not only gave his consent, but borrowed ten dollars from me." —*Kansas City Journal*.

IN OUR BOARDING HOUSE.  
"She claims to have as much right to the piano as I."  
"What of it?"  
"Don't you call that nerve?"  
"Not at all. I believe in parlor socialism, too." —*Washington Herald*.

AS HIS NEIGHBORS SEE HIM.  
If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it. If he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favor.

If he's in politics, it's for pie. If he is out of politics, you can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he's a stingy cuss. If he does, it's for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite. If he takes no interest in religion, he's a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he's a soft specimen. If he seems to care for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he lives to an old age, he has missed his calling. —*Christian Guardian*.



First the quality makes the name. Then the name stands for the quality.

**Williams' Shaving Stick**

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face" is short for "the quality that makes easy shaving."

Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for 50 shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

#### A CHEAP-SUBSTITUTE.

"I had to sell my auto, but I haven't missed it yet."

"How's that?"

"You can get most of the sensations by cleaning rugs." —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

#### SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Demand for transportation having declined, certain railway managers wish to increase prices of it. They appear to believe that consumption of what they have to sell may be stimulated by making it more difficult to buy. —*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

#### PUBLICITY AD ABSURDUM.

"The Republican party will place itself at a disadvantage among men who are sincerely anxious to break up election bribery and corruption, if it fails to take the same (the democratic) position before the public. To make these contributions public after the election can effect no practical reform. They will have accomplished their purpose, the election will be over, and the result will have been established. A list of subscribers to the fund published toward the middle or end of November would hardly excite enough interest to cause people to read it, and before the next election it would be forgotten. But if Mr. Harriman or Mr. Rockefeller should contribute several hundred thousand dollars to a campaign fund, the publication of that fact before election day might have a serious effect upon the result. If a campaign committee understands that such a publication is to be made before election day, it might possibly hesitate to accept the contribution. If it is to be made after election day, the campaign treasurer can ask the people in derision what they are going to do about it." —*Baltimore Sun*.

## J. & F. MARTELL



**Cognac**

(Founded 1715)



AND

**FINE OLD LIQUEUR BRANDIES**

**GENUINE OLD BRANDIES MADE FROM WINE**

Sole Agents  
**G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.**  
New York



## PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK



THE RIGHT MOVE.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Copyright, 1907, by Kaypler & Silverman



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 2 1/2 x 3 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

These are but two examples of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York.

# THE WAR WITH JAPAN.

We Yankee folk are hard to rile,  
For take us hit or miss  
We are, 'tis 'lowed, a peaceful crowd —  
Save in a case like this:  
When at the Lumm Emporium,  
(Dry goods and Groceries),  
Of Hoedown Crossroads, Illinoy,  
We fit the Japanese.

Says Deacon Jones, in thunder tones:  
"Ha-wa-y'll soon be tuk,  
An' up an' daown the hull west coast  
They'll run, you bet, amuck."  
Says Blacksmith Phil: "The deuce they will!  
Where'll we be — climbin' trees?  
Not much, by grieve!" ... That summer eve  
We fit the Japanese.

Says young George Phipps: "We ain't got ships,  
We'll have to fight on land."  
Says old Lumm, then: "We ain't got *men*  
Enough to make a *stand*!"  
Says Lucius Quick: "Shucks! We can lick  
Them fellers on our knees.  
We ain't no Roosians!" ... Back and forth  
We fit the Japanese.

"We ain't no Roosians!" "An', by gum,  
They ain't no Spaniards, too!"  
"Look here!" says Phil. "Shut up!" says Bill  
"You're crazy!" "So be you!"  
"We ain't got..." "But I say we have!"  
And ne'er, on land or seas,  
Was combat waged like when, enraged,  
We fit the Japanese.

Edwin L. Sabin.

